

"AU CLAIR DE LUNE."

MOON DID A QUICKSTEP WHILE THEY TALKED OF MATRIMONY.

WOMEN, OLD SHOES, AND ONIONS.

Unfair Sex and Their Secret Longings Explained—Max Lost His Whiskers by Too Intimate Association With an X-Ray Machine.

The autumn moon was doing a quickstep through great chunks of cottony clouds, while the stars were blinking drowsily at the meanness of mundane mortals below. It was a beautiful night—the kind of night which fills you with good resolutions and urges you, almost with success, to pay the bills you owe and lead a better life. They sat together on the front porch—two souls with but a single thought, two hearts which economized vital energy by beating as one. Around them all was still. Save the occasional twang of some mosquito's harp or the rippling giggle of the other sister which floated at intervals through the stars of the front parlor window, no sound broke the peaceful quiet. It was delicious, splendid—nay, magnificent. They were happy, happy, happy. "They" means the pair on the front porch, though the girl who giggled wasn't altogether miserable, for she, too, had with her an individual not strictly persona non grata.

The cooling couple, cooled by night's diaphanous drapery, needed not to talk. They were past paltry conversations. With them it was all fixed, and only a question of waiting—waiting for the inevitable details incident to preparatory nest-building. She even delighted in being practical, and he, too, gloried in "getting down to business," as he called it, and smashing sentiment to smithereens.

The girl who giggled got grumpy towards the close of the evening, and, after the manner of her sex, took to listening for bits of the fragmentary conversation blown in from the porch. There really wasn't much to hear—in fact, there wasn't much being said, and what was said isn't liable to live in history.

But by and by the shy sister sitting safely on the cushioned sofa heard the languid lullaby on the porch murmur and sigh—oh! so contentedly—and then ask, in tones of tenderest solicitude: "Augustus, do you love asparagus?"

That is the whole story. She had already won his love, and wanted to keep it. Cynics had told her that after marriage the manly ardor sometimes cools, but in the depths of that feminine mind there was one well-implanted intellectual tid-bit—a knowledge that a man's appetite is always with him, and that even as all roads once led to Rome, so all masculine emotions radiate around his palate.

An eminent feminine authority—one who can tell you just how your finger nails should be trimmed and what is the best skirt to wear with a bertha of lace accompaniment—asserts that there are two things for which a woman must be grateful to her sex. One is her voice, and the other is her appetite. She doesn't mean, however, that women eat both, though for my part I would as soon devour one as the other.

But I am informed by friends that they would rather have my appetite satisfied on the subject of matrimony than on the subject of food. I am, therefore, in a quandary towards the outside world, and very prone to take strangers into their confidence.

Be this as it may, the lady whose suggestions I now quote is positive that she knows whereof she speaks. "I have heard," she says, "that you are a great eater of chocolate. I am, therefore, in a quandary towards the outside world, and very prone to take strangers into their confidence."

It is hardly necessary for me to make any commentary on the feminine fondness for onions. These strong-minded exhibitionists talk for themselves; or, more strictly speaking, they shout for themselves. Unkind words have been used against them, but like all things which men hate, they enjoy the love of the mouse-fearing sex.

I have seen your hands in half a dozen different places, and I have seen you put them into the garbage box. She has old hats, old gloves, old bills, and old beaux, but a shoe never is really beloved until it "has lost its shape."

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Every man—no matter how near-sighted he may pretend to be—generally tries to get a peep at a woman's foot, and when he takes this surreptitious squint, he likes to see a good-looking foot. Indeed, he doesn't mind seeing two good-looking feet. He likes to see a good-looking foot, and when he takes this surreptitious squint, he likes to see a good-looking foot.

Now women know that men like good-looking feet just as well as we much-abused brutes know it ourselves, and they cater to this taste of ours. Whoever heard of a girl tripping down into the park in a pair of leggings, rubber-tipped gaiters, or with flippety-doppity slippers run down at the heels? And if you observe a girl when she's stepping over a mud puddle (a thing which only 999,999 men out of every 1,000,000 do), you will see that her shoes are always neat and well polished, and that every boot is in place and standing at "attention."

In short, that girl didn't know when her pedicled extremities would be seen, and she prepared herself for emergency before she had time to think of it.

But, Mr. Editor, I fear that I am extending this narrative to an unreasonable length, although not the half of the wonderful deeds of this remarkable dog have been told, some of which I will reserve, with your leave, for another chapter.

Respectfully, B. M. PARRHAM.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth

be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

THE CORNER, Second and Broad.

More About the Early Autumn Sale.

Early buying has set in very lively. We are both surprised and delighted. It augurs well for the coming season's trade. We will witness undoubtedly the greatest fall and winter buying this store ever experienced, and we have had some tremendous fall and winter seasons. We expect to go far ahead of past records. As in former seasons, so it will be the coming season, so it will be the lowest prices for the

Best Quality Dry Goods and Merchandise

will be quoted. We are known not only at home, but throughout every State with which we do mail-order business (and we do business in every city and village of Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, and South Carolina), for

OUR LOW PRICES.

It is an enviable reputation. As long as we continue in business this store will always use its best endeavors to maintain that reputation. Read every item in this advertisement, and come and see us to-morrow or write to us.

CARPET OFFERINGS.

THE RAREST SORT OF VALUES.

The carpet-room helps you to savings such as every body inclined to buy will appreciate. We mean it to be so here always. ALL CARPETS MADE, LAID, AND LINED FREE. We invite you to these to-morrow.

30 pieces Extra Grade Brussels Carpets, for parlors, hall, and stairs, in Blue, Green, Red, and Tan, with handsome floral and scroll designs, the \$1 grade, at 75c. yard.

Magnificent Wilton Velvet Carpets, in new designs, full 1/2 yard, for 50c.

All-Wool, Yarn-Wide Ingrain Carpets—Blue, Red, Green, and Tan—worth fully 50c. yard; here to-morrow, 40c.

Ingrain Carpets, worth 50c. yard; to-morrow, 35c.

Our Ingrain Carpet at 25c. This is the only carpet at the low prices we will not lay free.

Handsome Wool Ingrain Druggists, in all new colors, in Blues, Tans, Reds, and Greens, to be sold for one-half of their values. If you need one, it would pay you to visit this department. They are nearly one-half of the original prices:

HALL DRUGGISTS.

NEW DESIGNS AND NEW COLORS, AT SUCH

prices as 35c. to 50c. double.

All sizes, in Hugs and Druggists at a great sacrifice.

GREAT MUSLIN UNDERWEAR BARGAINS.

12-1/2c. Corset Covers, made of good muslin and well made, 6c.

Lonsdale Cambric Corset Covers, 12-1/2c.

50c. CORSET COVERS, 25c.

The above Corset Covers are 50c. value, made in good muslin, trimmed in Torlon lace, 25c.

Lonsdale Corset Cover, Hamburg Inserting and edge back and front, long waist, 50c.

50c. SKIRT, 25c.

The above Skirt is made of good material, with deep ruffle, fully worth 50c., for 25c.

50c. Muslin Skirt, with ruffle, 10-1/2c.

Yard; here to-morrow, 5c.

75c. Muslin Skirt, with very deep double ruffle, 50c.

Generally speaking, however, they come under the head of forbidden fruit, and are, therefore, desirable.

Max Meyer is aggrieved, and nurses a wound which time cannot heal. A few short months ago he cherished a luxurious crop of whiskers, and through this face foliage the wind would wait to make him a ruffian. But it is all over now, and the whiskers are gone. And so, also, is the capillary substance which adorned the right side of his head. It happened in this wise: Max was engaged by the company at the electrical exhibition in Madison Square Garden, New York, last May. He had charge of the X-ray machine, and manipulated the fluoroscope. At first it was a good job, something to do to earn his money. But it was not long before he began to feel a peculiar itching on the right side of his body. At first he didn't think it was his, but he became alarmed when his face began to shrivel, and his hair, moustache, and beard on the right side to drop off. And next his arm began to pain him. Max, on realizing these things, went to a physician, and after a thorough examination, told him that the right side of his body had been cooked by the X-ray machine, and the injured party resigned his position. He didn't know what might happen next, if he continued to hold down the job.

But it isn't to be supposed that a man is going to cut his hair with his whiskers and wander around as bald as a hen-pecked husband without getting revenge somewhere. Max certainly isn't going to do it. He has brought suit for \$10,000 against the company, which he seeks to hold responsible for the loss of his treasures.

The result of this litigation will be watched by the bar throughout the country with the profoundest interest, and the decision handed down will prove of immense value to the profession. It is pretty generally conceded that whiskers have a "pretium affectionis"—a sentimental value—and that the case is properly one of equity.

No money could actually compensate the plaintiff, but \$10,000 and a few quarts of hair restorer might possibly repair the damages in part.

And, furthermore, the precedent established by the court may prove of interest to husbands who suffer from matrimonial scalps.

That's the reason I'm holding my breath and awaiting developments.

THE IDLE REPORTER.

BLUE RIDGE SPRINGS.

The Hangers-On and What They Are Doing.

(Correspondence of the Dispatch.)

BLUE RIDGE SPRINGS, Va., September 17.—A party of students, en route for Bellevue High School, stopped here for a week's outing before entering on their more serious duties, and several families have arrived, who are taking a late vacation, and have come here to spend this month, and place their sons and daughters at the various schools adjacent to this place.

With the fresh influx of guests a new impetus has been given to the dancing, which is still the order of the evening entertainment.

Miss Chisolm, of Charleston, has given two bowling parties, and Mrs. Holder, of Stone, of Florida, and Mrs. Haynes, of Florida, and Mrs. Stone, of Texas, each have entertained in this way, during the week, a

large subscription bowling party was arranged on Monday by Mrs. Haynes, at which Mrs. Holder won the first prize, while the second was captured by Mrs. Deal, of Virginia.

Among the prominent arrivals during the week was Mr. C. B. Rogers, who is member of the State Senate of Florida. He is spoken of as the prospective Governor of that State.

Lieutenant Venable, of the United States Volunteer Service, is here with his wife, attending a "three-days" furlough.

The arrivals for the past week are: W. H. Valentine, Charles Fishburn, Dr. J. C. Badlow, W. T. Hippey, Oswald S. Hawkins, and J. S. Boatwright, Rosnoke; W. R. L. May, He had charge of the X-ray machine, and manipulated the fluoroscope. At first it was a good job, something to do to earn his money. But it was not long before he began to feel a peculiar itching on the right side of his body. At first he didn't think it was his, but he became alarmed when his face began to shrivel, and his hair, moustache, and beard on the right side to drop off. And next his arm began to pain him. Max, on realizing these things, went to a physician, and after a thorough examination, told him that the right side of his body had been cooked by the X-ray machine, and the injured party resigned his position. He didn't know what might happen next, if he continued to hold down the job.

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ELIZABETH AMELIA EUGENIE, EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA AND QUEEN OF HUNGARY, Who was struck down by the assassin's hand at Geneva on September 10th (from the latest court painting).

MELANCHOLY QUEEN.

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE

LATE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

DEATH WAS WELCOME TO HER.

A Surmise as to the Real Reason of

Her Assassination—The Italians De-

test the Austrians—A Peep at Her

Domestic Troubles—Their Cause.

(For the Dispatch.)

Since the cable flashed the news of the brutal assassination of Elizabeth, Empress of Austria, by the dagger of an Italian Anarchist, and thought that has arisen in every one's mind, and the query that has been on every tongue, is "What was the motive?" Efforts have been made to answer the query by the broad statement that anarchy's red hand was lifted to strike the royal circles of Europe, and chance has made the unfortunate Empress the first victim. Granting that this horrible theory is the correct one, there still remains to be explained the deadly enmity of the Italian assassin towards this queenly Austrian, and the joy has been shown since at having killed her. Such brutal gloating over a victim's death must have a more specific meaning than mere anarchical hatred of royalty as a whole.

HATED BY ITALIANS.

In explaining the reason for this, it is as well to go back ten years, at which time the Empress of Austria was making a tour of the Italian lakes. One day the Italian populace recognized her as she strolled around. They surrounded her in the most threatening manner, howling, cursing, and spitting at the royal group, and crowning this abuse by making the Empress the target for volleys of mud and stones. The Empress on this occasion narrowly escaped with her life.

The motive for the outrage was the same that led the Italian assassin ten years later to select the Empress of Austria as his first victim—the fact that the natives of Northern Italy look upon the Austrian royal line as the cruellest tyrants under the sun. Their hatred dates back to the beginning of the century, when the natives of Northern Italy died by hundreds in the vile prisons of Austria, where they were confined after the failure of the conspiracy to free the country from Austria and attach it to Italy. The legacy of detestation that was handed down from these sufferers in Austria prisons is responsible for the brutal murder that has just horrified the world.

DEEP-ROOTED AND FANATICAL.

The inborn hatred of these northern Italians for the Austrians is almost as deep-rooted and fanatical as the religion of a Dervish. The anniversary of the death of the chief conspirator, who was hanged by the Austrians, is made a great holiday in this part of Italy, and the old hatred is kept alive by speeches, in which the Austrians are held up to the derision of the audience, and the old wounds are reopened, in order to inflame the people against their former persecutors. While there has been bitter grief in Austria, and indignation regarded her from the people of Northern Italy over the driving home of the assassin's sharpened file to the heart of the Empress.

FULL OF SORROWS.

Had the enemies of the Empress wished to be kind to her, they could not have done better than detail an assassin to administer a painless death to that unhappy woman. Her life was full of the bitterest sorrows, and she often said that death would be a welcome release. She became a wife when a school-girl of 16, and the royal family into which she married regarded her from the outset as a little better than an interloper